

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES
upon the deaths of sundry Personages

*Elegie upon the untimely death of the
incomparable Prince Henry*

Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reason flow, and there do end 5
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare, 10
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what soules do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to'her best extension, 15
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse.
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would. 20
If then least moving of the center, make
More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What must this do, centers distracted so,
That wee see not what to beleve or know?
Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee, 25
Whose reputation was an extasie
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till hee discover'd what wayes he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
Met a *Torpedo*, and were stupified; 30
And others studies, how he would be bent;
Was his great fathers greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soule of peace, through Christianity?

Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have stretch'd out so farre,
 As to touch those, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirme this just beleefe, that now
 The last dayes came, wee saw heav'n did allow, 40
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rise.
 But now this faith is heresie: we must
 Still stay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he spent his store 45
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
 And will not let's enjoy our curse; to dy?
 As, for the earth throwne lowest downe of all,
 T'were an ambition to desire to fall, 50
 So God, in our desire to dye, doth know
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
 Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
 And could grieffe get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
 (With grieffe to see him) hee had staid below,
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?
 Where should we looke for that, now we'are not men?
 For if our Reason be'our connexion 65
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon. 70
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:

At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove wee had some.
 So would just lamentations: Therefore wee
 May safely say, that we are dead, then hee. 80
 So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
 We have double excuse; he is not dead; and we are.
 Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee
 Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
 (Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period, 85
 In her long journey, of considering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare, 90
 I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art shee,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules yee sigh'd, that if you see 95
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, singing what you were.

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

I have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a little conversant, that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his vertue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladships most humble
 and thankfull servant
 JOHN DONNE.

*Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, Brother to the
Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford*

Faire soule, which wast, not onely, as all soules bee,
 Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
 But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
 A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
 If looking up to God; or downe to us, 5
 Thou finde that any way is pervious,
 Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
 Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
 See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
 Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10
 And, by these meditations refin'd,
 Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
 And so can make by this soft extasie,
 This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee.
 Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15
 Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest
 To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
 Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
 Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,
 Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20
 To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
 (Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
 Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
 Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
 Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25
 As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,
 All the world growes transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
 And I discern by favour of this light,
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30
 God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
 Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
 All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35
 All, since the beeing of all things is hee,
 Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive

Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. 40
But where can I affirme, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45
Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
Bee'insisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
Yet still remains that vertuous man there was.
And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, 60
Should I divide and discontinue so,
Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee;
So is't of vertue; for a point and one
Are much entirer then a million.
And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have beene old; 70
So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
We might have seene, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
When they would exercise, lacke time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to bee

For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth run,
 Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings; 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 And lay together every A, and B;
 So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good;
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spred,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely'have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlessnesse of the equinoctiall;
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
 When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,

Onely great circles, then can be our scale:
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, 120
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irreligions ice, 125
 Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *hand* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
 Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
 Or idle, 'as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will; 140
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then wee follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145
 When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall;
 So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie.
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disordered, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,

That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in? 160
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
 All is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
 Now I grow sure, that if a man would have 165
 Good companie, his entry is a grave.
 Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
 Where, when the severall labourers I see,
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain; 170
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
 There is the best concourse, and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem, 175
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow
 That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grieffe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse.
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou should'st successefully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are

Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by-a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are.
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before?
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee 220
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out:
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more then Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis 225
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joyned in commission
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
 But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might; 235
 So, though, triumphant soule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,

Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15
 Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand. 20
 As men of China, 'after an ages stay,
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
 Of which this flesh was, her soule shall inspire 25
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
 Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.
 They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
 If carnall Death (the younger brother) doe 30
 Usurpe the body, 'our soule, which subject is
 To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
 They perish both, when they attempt the just;
 For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust.
 So, unobnoxious now, she'hath buried both; 35
 For, none to death sinnes, that to sinne is loth,
 Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
 So hath she this, and that virginity.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As *Moses* Cherubines, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too: 50
 So would her soule, already'in heaven, seeme then,
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine hast may repent.

How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
 Lest they that heare her vertues, thinke her old: 60
 And lest we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

Elegie on Mistress Boulstred

Death I recant, and say, unsaid by mee
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey. 5
 Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last. 10
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deepe
 Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
 In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie. 20
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
 Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death. 30
 And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne 35
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
 She was more stories high: hopelesse to come
 To her Soule, thou' hast offer'd at her lower roome.
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
 But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort. 40
 As houses fall not, though the King remove,
 Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.
 Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place
 As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace,
 Both worke a separation, no divorce. 45
 Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be'almost another soule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then best Soules are here.
 Because in her, her virtues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so? 50
 And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost
 Of beauty, 'and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her prooffe 'gainst sins of youth ?
 Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth.
 Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold, 55
 Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant virtue'have bred a proud delight. 60
 Had she persever'd just, there would have bin
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociableness, a name profane;
 Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou'have slain more soules, had'st thou not crost
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost.

Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate grieffe that she is gone. 70
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

Elegie. Death

Language thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Grieffe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
 Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mutest at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
 Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
 Was't, that she did possesse all hearts before,
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20
 She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
 And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall 25
 Th'hast lost thy end, for in her perish all;
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie. 30

Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
 For of all morall vertues she was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.
 Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion, did not consume, but'inspire
 Such piety, so chast use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
 And did prefigure here, in devout tast,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautiousnesse, 55
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.
 The ravenous earth that now woos her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of grieve, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

Elegie on the L. C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.

'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
 As we for him dead: though no familie
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
 All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew. 20
 What ease, can hope that wee shall see'him, beget,
 When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse Hamylton
 To Sir Robert Carr*

SIR,

*I presume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I
 can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and
 even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In
 this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry.
 Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee
 not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee
 that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have embraced
 the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that would
 command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath
 given a tincture of merit to the obedience of*

Your poore friend and
 servant in Christ Jesus
 J. D.

Whether that soule which now comes up to you
 Fill any former ranke or make a new;
 Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
 Or be a name it selfe, and *order* more
 Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee
 Bee so, if every severall Angell bee
 A *kind* alone?) What ever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so.
 One of your orders growes by his accesse;
 But, by his losse grow all our *orders* lesse;
 The name of *Father*, *Master*, *Friend*, the name
 Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one are lame;
 Faire mirth is dampt, and conversation black,
 The *household* widdow'd, and the *garter* slack;
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue;
Story, a theame; and *Musicke* lacks a song;
 Blest *order* that hath him! the losse of him
 Gangreend all *Orders* here; all lost a limbe.
 Never made body such hast to confesse
 What a soule was; All former comelinesse
 Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none;
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one instant growne
 Not to lesse houses, but, to heapes of stone;
 So sent this body that faire forme it wore,
 Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
 His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone.)
 Anticipate a Resurrection;
 For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there.
 And if, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*,
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
 Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
 Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
 When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde
 Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
 And seest such sinners as they are, with thee

Got thither by repentance, Let it bee 40
 Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane;
 Wish *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

Epitaph on Himself

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,
 That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
 And for my fame which I love next my soule,
 Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,
 Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.
 Others by Wills give Legacies, but I 5
 Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

Omnibus

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
 When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside see what thou art now:
 Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay 5
 To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
 Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
 Us to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
 Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
 Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses; 10
 So we our selves miraculously destroy.
 Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
 Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
 Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
 Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me, 15
 By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.